

## LEGEND OF THE WILD GESE.

The legend of the wild geese runs back many years, even to the time when aborigines of the north country listened with incredulous ears to the stories about the natives of the south country. Had an unbroken prairie been the only barrier of distance it would have taken the fleetest horses of the plains many moons to go from the fur wearers of the north to the swamp dwellers far down on the gulf-lapped coast. But no horse short of a winged steed could have carried a messenger from nation to distant nation, for there were the densest forests, fever-breeding morasses and broad winding rivers desecrating the eye as to direction. The sun and the stars, to be sure, were unfailing guides, but the breadth of the south and north countries was so great, and the knowledge of exact locality so slight, that the far north and the far south tribes were to each other as gems buried in the sands of different rivers. There were intervening tribes, wandering and scattered—small nations that seldom came together in friendly powwow around some immense council fire; rather they were constantly at war, neglecting the fields of maize, and living, when not attired in the paint of battle days, on the spoil of the chase. Such nations were little given to the carrying of news, and when a story might have been relayed from nation to nation it was lost before it had been long gone from the teller of the story. Sometimes a ravaging disease decimated the tribes, scattering the war bundles of eagle feathers to the lodge floors.

At one autumn time, far in the north country, the women began with early zeal to prepare the deer-hide things that were to fasten the furs for the winter's hunt. Patient, uncomplaining papposes were bundled on the ground and little attention did they receive from their staid mothers during this busy season. Caribou bones had to be scraped and ground to the sharpness of hunting knives. There was a cold winter ahead, so indicated the signs in the skies from whence the fierce winds blew, and this foreboded many ills, for a famine had been known in the season just past. The chase was to furnish the tribes with subsistence for the coming winter. The scrapings from the skins of moose would make many a pot of mess.

Gloosa, an idle son of the medicine man Chenoos, was tramping through the woods that ran by the little river. It was on this day of this autumn time the squaws were sharpening the caribou bones. Chenoos thought no more of his lazy son than he did of the oldest of his mental daughters, the daughter who had not been asked in all her life to sit in the wigwag of a young warrior. There were none in the tribe so slow in the chase as Gloosa, and while he had slain one enemy in combat, yet in war he was always far away from the long dead-dress of the chief. The youth's father had no hope even that Gloosa would succeed him as the medicine man of the tribe when Chenoos should go the way of all his fathers. Chenoos himself descended from the cannibal Chenoos of the north bay, but the day when the Chenoos were powerful as a tribe was so long ago that their history had merged into legend. Gloosa, as he wandered through the woods, thought of many things, and wondered at the stories he had heard. His father had told him of the Chenoos and their mysterious power which seemed to have departed with the breaking of the tribe, his mother, who had in her infancy been stolen from the south, repeated to him the strange stories of her land and of her nation. Towards the sky from whence the warm breezes blow were a people savage in war, but generous and hospitable in peace. Gloosa's mother had not come from the far south, but she had heard all she told her son, for her nation was only in short remove from the country of which she spoke. There was a nation of the Chickasaws who lived on the high grounds overlooking the mighty river that sweeps down the land, and of this nation was the medicine man's wife. She loved the son the father despised, and she wished the son was with the nation of her fathers. Gloosa dreamed of the lovely maidens whom his father described, and at this autumn time he could see their faces in the golden boughs of the forest trees; their forms seemed to be bending in the tall grasses of the river that ran near the village, and their voices were in the tree tops when the winds blew from the south. Nearing the village toward sunset, the medicine man's son fell in with a small party that had been down from the north after wild geese. Two men carried a pole from which hung by long necks a string of the migratory birds. Wrapped around the neck of one of the geese was a long scroll to which was fastened a shell, oddly engraved. A face was traced on the shell in faint outline, and the face of the goose and shell. Such a variety of shell might be found in any of the rivers. Interpreted, the face meant that some one in a far away land was in love with an unknown ideal, and this was the fanciful way of making the love known. That was what Gloosa thought when he was shown the shell. The wild geese had come from the south early in the summer, and now they were finding their way back, retreating from the precursors of the cold winds. Gloosa lay awake a long time the night, watching the stars through the top of his father's wigwag. The next morning he put on the new moccasins his mother had made him, took down his bow and quiver, and went into the woods toward the south. No more was he known in the land of the Chickasaws.

Below the bluffs on the broad river, at the point where a Spaniard and his small troop of soldiers first saw the expanse of swift waters many years afterward, lived a tribe of the Chickasaws nation. On the rich alluvial bottoms of the river, small groups of make-do huts, raised small in the spring, and in the winter hunted the otter and beaver for furs. One winter a strange malady came wafting in the villages, but in the autumn the medicine man's incantations had effect, or else the spirits of the air gave heed to the messages which the tribe sent aloft. Another winter passed, and when the buds began to appear on the willows, the chief was seized with the malady that had ravaged over twelve moons before. The medicine man lost his power, and he, too, became ill unto death. Strong warriors fell prone to the ground at dusk, and were on their journey to the happy hunting grounds when the dew fell at early morning. The chief's daughter was a good spirit, as the tribe called her, for she brought water and food to the sick, and watched them until they died. Her cheeks grew sunken and she faltered as she went from lodge to lodge, but her fortitude and patience did not desert her. The malady spared such a kindly creature. In her primitive philosophy she knew death was a foe to be battled; to surrender in despair meant cowardice foreign to the blood that flowed in her veins from the veins of her ancestors. The men of the tribe believed a demon had come up from the muddy river to scatter all this woe, and they conspired to propitiate this new unknown. One day they danced on the banks of the river and howled as a manifestation of their prayer for pity. The chief's daughter saw the dance from a little knoll. She had no great faith in the petition, yet when a canoe appeared out on the river just beyond the swirling eddy that made onslaught on a projecting point, she arose and shouted to the dancers. The noise of the skin drums dropped to a faint rattle and then ceased altogether. The gaunt-cheeked people looked on the craft as the bearer of some messenger come to deliver them, and as it was swiftly borne nearer and nearer, occasionally losing itself in the mad churning the waters against the bluffs, again boldly riding on the current, one after another of the frightened natives threw themselves on the ground in awe. It had been many a day since a strange canoe

had been paddled past the villages where death held such undisputed sway, and the dancers failed to see that the stranger in the canoe was a mortal of their own mold, that his craft was after the pattern of dug-outs sometimes found floating in the river with the drift of trees from the far north. Within a few feet lengths from the bluff where the villagers had gathered the stranger backed his canoe, and with much curiosity looked on the strange sight of men gazing to him as if he were an idol or a god. He cautiously paddled toward the bank, and, seeing no signs of hostility, made bold to land, holding his arms at a gentle angle in front of his body as he clambered up a ravine in the steep bank, to betoken his peaceful mission. The chief's daughter watched toward him with some trepidation, not unmixed with curiosity. He spoke in a tongue unfamiliar to her, though she could gather his meaning in a vague way. Perhaps the stranger had lost himself or had wandered from one of the tribes up the country.

"Have you the power to cure? What brings you here? What can you do for my people?" asked the chief's daughter as she went to him, the warriors closing in behind her at a respectful distance. For a moment Gloosa paused like a waking madman trying to interpret the midnight sob of the pines. She dropped her hands down her hollow cheeks, and then let an arm reach over toward her dejected toward him. What Gloosa could not comprehend from her words he found in her face and saw in the gleam of her eyes. He had entered the region of the scourge, of which he had been warned on his journey down the river. In the old Indian character philanthropy was not always absent. Whether Gloosa's heart responded to the cry of humanity, or whether he was moved by impetuousness of youth, and Indian youth at that, to lend his healthy self to those strangers, it matters not. The fresh bloom had gone from the face of the chief's daughter; his love errand found no end here; his visions of the lovely maidens of his dreams came only after the shadows fell deep in the forest and he was alone and asleep. Yet Gloosa gave heed to the appeal of Moom-tah, the chief's daughter, when she had found from his signs and from the few words that were common between the tribes of the north and south that he had a knowledge of the medicine man's art. He would try his father's rites.

"What I know," said he in his own tongue, "may help drive the evil away. For who can tell much of the evil spirits?" He pointed to the sky and then waved his arms. Moom-tah understood; the demons of the air must be driven away. The good spirits had sent Gloosa with his art to save the tribe. In this the chief's daughter implicitly had faith. It was now the period of the year when the haze over the earth mellowed and cooled the rays of the sun, and at night the moon was wearily flaming in the sky. In the day the brightness of the evergreens was tarnished, but the leaves of the trees of the forest were of yellow and red and of gold. At night huge fires were built, and around them the braves danced and sang, while the women chanted the outer circle, faintly swaying to and fro. The time for carrying the dead out to the trees was just before sunset, and those that died in the night laid in the tepees until the next morning, when they were huddled together until the sunset burial. The sick were generally left alone while the warriors danced under the blood-red moon. In the savage rites the well sought a quickener for the ill; no human power could stay the ravages, thought they—all was with the invisible beings of the air. What mattered it, then, that men strong in the hunt, and wasting away, wrapped their blankets about them and alone, but within the sounds of the wild dance at the fires, died? Yet this was many years ago, and should not seem gruesome.

It was not long until the talk of Gloosa and Moom-tah was intelligible, of the war to the other. They found common words, and the young man from the North listened to a tongue that was now unlike that of his mother when he was very young. One day he beat his breast and shouted in the old lodge of the medicine man which had been given him; then he fell on the ground and mumbled to himself. It was part of the rites. That night it was very cool, and many of the sick lay until morning. Gloosa boasted of his power. Moom-tah said he was a man of a race that had had wonderful powers in past generations. No doubt he believed that he was gifted with the power of which his father had boasted before him, and when the few succeeding days of gloom and misery brought a measure of relief, and many of the sick grew stronger, he said to himself that it was miraculous power inherited from his forefathers that brought about the good. Gloosa might have been great with the people had not the sun burned more intensely scarcely six days had passed, and all the tribe was in despair again.

"The evil spirit laughs at him," shouted a warrior at one of the exhausting dances. "He knows no medicine," joined in another. Loss of confidence is more contagious than the most violent of fevers, and in a night the young man of the north was deposed, and Moom-tah's chief man, who assumed the guidance of the rites, and the first epidemic should be tried again. Gloosa for mercy went to the other side of the river, and there he was sent up, in the strange tribal way, to the evil spirits. Gloosa lay down that night on the outside of Moom-tah's lodge, but he did not sleep, for he was weary at heart, and longed to be back with his own people. It was thus he thought. "I have seen none of the beautiful maidens, and all is desolation about me. I am dejected by all save Moom-tah, but I do love her. Her face has no beauty. I must go further and find the lovely one, who sent up shells. She must be one of the maidens of whom my mother told me."

As the sunbeams began to come in from the sky in the east he dozed and had sweet dreams, that were broken before they were well woven. The lovely maidens were appealing to him again, but a noise banished them. He arose and listened. The day was on, and the men were dancing, shouting and singing in the lodge. It was a ceremony, and Gloosa hurried to the scene of the dance. Sagah, the chief, was in the center of the dance, and he was in the center of a ring of the savages making strange gestures, unknown to the rites that Gloosa knew. Some of the men held geese, that had no doubt been caught in the morning. Gloosa crept close to the ring and watched the ceremonies with much curiosity. He thought they were killing the birds, and twisting their necks. No, it was not that. They were tying something to the geese and releasing the long-necked creatures. Gloosa said that they were putting shells on the birds. A flood of disappointment came upon him as he heard his maidens were dreams, too true.

A feeling of repulsion caused him to turn away, and as he moved Moom-tah was at his side. Could she tell him what the ceremony meant? It was, she said, an appeal to the spirits of the air. Did he not know that the wild geese held converse with these spirits? On each shell was a prayer to the mysterious ones.

Together the chief's daughter and the youth moved away, and at the edge of the village Gloosa turned about. He spoke a few words to his companion. He told her that he had been journeying toward a mountain, and that he had seen a strange light. The weight of grief rested too heavily upon him. Nearer and nearer they moved to the mountain of the river. Again they talked, but not long.

The bodies of Moom-tah and Gloosa were found together in the dark woods where they had been seen and phoned by the pitiless eddy. In the winter the plague abated, and the Indians in their legends told the tale around the death of the chief's daughter and the son of the medicine man from the North. It was not heard in the autumn, at dusk, the wild geese crying to the evil spirits in the air, far overhead.

GAVIN LODGE PAVINE.

**Dana's Tribute to the Bible.**  
New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Dana's tribute in his talk to Union College men to the not inconsiderable merits of the Holy Scriptures, comes along opportunely. There has been a feeling that something must be done to bolster up the claims of the book, and the less saint and sage of that pure irradiation, the sun, has gone and done it. He was justly to pronounce justification for the Bible and encourage the printers to strike off a few more copies. Our only regret is that Mr. Dana did not give us a discussion of the literary merits of the book. It includes some simple injunctions for practical living that have been used with some success in the small towns.

**A Quorum That Can't Be Used.**  
Philadelphia Record.

One thing that moves without a hitch in the Senate is that of quorum-complaining. It is an amazing contention, and one that should shake the old world monarchies with laughter, that with power enough lodged in the Senate to compel a quorum, the quorum itself, when compelled, should be utterly powerless to act.

**Another View.**  
Chicago Mail.

A newspaper writer says that the taste of Russian ladies for strong perfumes is due to the Asiatic strain in the Muscovite blood. Americans who have met up to do with Russian immigrants, however, ascribe it to a disinclination to soap and water in the Muscovite disposition.

**Another Ox Gored.**  
Boston Journal.

It is rather amusing to note that some of our contemporaries, who say nothing but disinterested patriotism in Illinois, are against the "force bill" now denouncing the thing as the ingenious contrivance of fanatic partisanship.

## THE NEW YORK STORE

(ESTABLISHED 1853.)

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT SALES COMMENCING MONDAY IN CLOAKS, DRESS GOODS SILKS, MILLINERY AND BLANKETS.

Cloak Department—Second Floor.

There's a throng of buyers in our Cloak Room every day. The whole stock is a pronounced success—perfect fit, stylish garments, well made and at a reasonable price—four important conditions in making a purchase. Besides, look at the immensity of choice—by far the largest stock of Cloaks in the State. To-morrow we place on sale all the Winter Styles of Jackets, bought by our buyer when in New York recently—Jackets 34 to 40 inches long, tight-fitting, hip seams, in double and triple skirt effects—everything new and desirable, sufficient to please the most fastidious, at prices from \$10 to \$60, and every garment is worth more money—we could get more for any one of them, but would rather sell them at these close prices and sell them quickly.



A 40-inch Jacket, all colors, Worth collar, full skirt, trimmed with braid and edged with seal, for \$18.

A lovely Jacket, Worth collar, braided, hip seams, with entirely new sleeve, for \$23.50.

Another jaunty effect is a Brown Coat, hip seams, very large lapels, edged with pulled Coney and braided with narrow Mohair braid, for \$20.

Fur Capes.

All the new capes are made with low and sloping shoulders, and are circular in shape. In all kinds of desirable furs they come from \$4.25 to \$175. We should be delighted to show them to you. Here are a few:

A 22-inch English Seal Cape, Marten collar, edged with same, for \$20.

A 22-inch Monkey Cape, best quality, with Electric Seal collar, for \$25.

An English Seal Cape, 24 inches long, with extra cape, very full, for \$25.

Four hundred more stylish trimmed Hats go on sale Monday—perfect beauties, in six lots—\$2.29, \$3.25, \$3.75, \$4.25, \$4.75 and \$5.25.

We expect to sell at least half of these on Monday at such prices.

A new purchase of special French Pattern Hats and Bonnets, from \$6 to \$25. Sure to please you, or would you prefer to leave our order?

We made a special purchase of these Hats in black, navy, brown, cardinal, grey, white and ecrú, and now offer them at 29c each—about one-third the regular price.

A good chance to buy a novelty dress at everyday prices.

38-inch all-Wool Black Cheviots now on sale at 39c a yard.

All-Wool Black Broadcloths, 52 inches wide, for 75c a yard.

Our new delivery of Astrakhan for cloakings and trimmings just arrived.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.



The hum of business at the dress goods counter tells how our efforts are appreciated in providing the best possible goods and selling them at cut prices. And such a price range—from the stuffs at a small trifle of cost up to the rarest novelties. Some of the goods that go on sale to-morrow:

38-inch all-Wool Home-spuns for 29c a yard.

All-Wool Illuminated Chevrons, regular 50c quality, for 39c a yard.

All-Wool Hop Sackings, 40 inches wide—a pretty, fine twisted fabric, more so than the regular Hop Sacking—in fifteen shades, for 49c a yard.

51-inch all-Wool Navy Blue Storm Serge, sold all around us for 75c, for 59c a yard here.

42-inch all-Wool hair line Stripes in Illuminated effects for 69c a yard.

The prettiest combinations in Black and White effects just in—perfectly lovely in design—and the prices are moderate.

Four grades of stylish pattern suits to be sold like this—\$7.50, \$9, \$10.50 and \$12.25.

A good chance to buy a novelty dress at everyday prices.

38-inch all-Wool Black Cheviots now on sale at 39c a yard.

All-Wool Black Broadcloths, 52 inches wide, for 75c a yard.

Our new delivery of Astrakhan for cloakings and trimmings just arrived.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

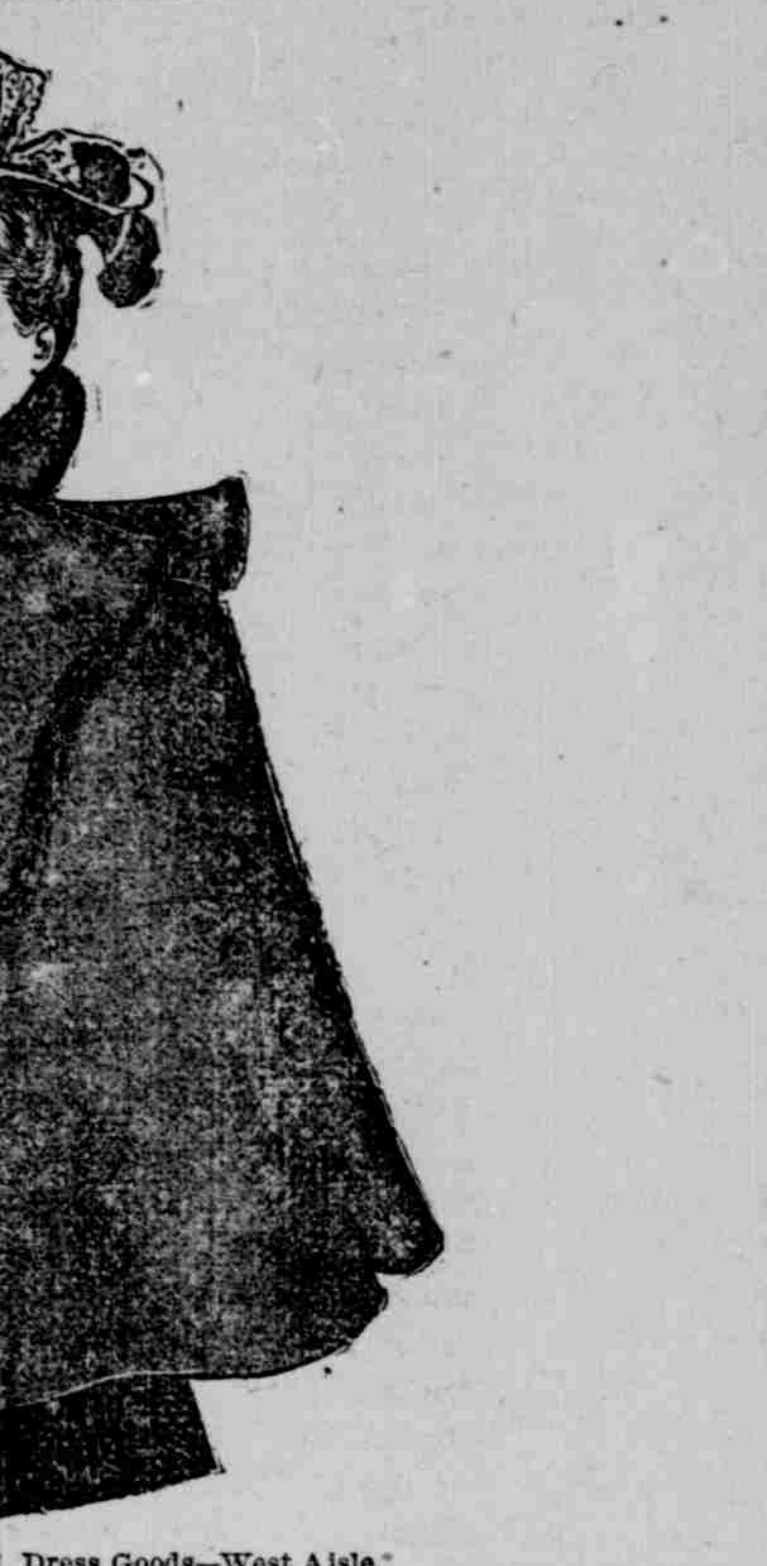
Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.



The hum of business at the dress goods counter tells how our efforts are appreciated in providing the best possible goods and selling them at cut prices. And such a price range—from the stuffs at a small trifle of cost up to the rarest novelties. Some of the goods that go on sale to-morrow:

38-inch all-Wool Home-spuns for 29c a yard.

All-Wool Illuminated Chevrons, regular 50c quality, for 39c a yard.

All-Wool Hop Sackings, 40 inches wide—a pretty, fine twisted fabric, more so than the regular Hop Sacking—in fifteen shades, for 49c a yard.

51-inch all-Wool Navy Blue Storm Serge, sold all around us for 75c, for 59c a yard here.

42-inch all-Wool hair line Stripes in Illuminated effects for 69c a yard.

The prettiest combinations in Black and White effects just in—perfectly lovely in design—and the prices are moderate.

Four grades of stylish pattern suits to be sold like this—\$7.50, \$9, \$10.50 and \$12.25.

A good chance to buy a novelty dress at everyday prices.

38-inch all-Wool Black Cheviots now on sale at 39c a yard.

All-Wool Black Broadcloths, 52 inches wide, for 75c a yard.

Our new delivery of Astrakhan for cloakings and trimmings just arrived.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

khans for cloakings and trimmings just arrived.

Silks—Center Bargain Counter.

Creme de Chene Silks, 24 inches wide, in all the new evening shades, good quality, for just 49c a yard, almost worth double.

## Special Sale of Blankets

We can't wait for the weather to get cold with such a stock of Blankets; and look at the room they take up. So down goes the price and out go the blankets.

Good White Cotton Blankets, as good as many get 89c for, now 60c a pair.

75 pairs White Cotton Blankets for 75c a pair, ordinary dollar goods.

Good Big Scarlet Blankets, all wool, worth \$3.50, for \$2.48 a pair.

87 pairs all-Wool Grey Blankets, regular \$3 quality, for \$2.48 a pair.

Extra fine full-size White Blankets, all wool, for \$3.75 a pair; just as good as usually sold for \$5.

Big strapping Blankets, all wool, extra quality, for \$4.98 a pair. Others get \$6.50 for the same sort.

All-Wool scarlet Blankets, extra super quality, full size, for \$5.25 a pair.

Three lots of soiled Blankets, no worse except for the want of a little soap and water, \$1.48, \$1.98 and \$2.48 a pair. That ought to sell them.

Basement Department.

Read carefully the items and notice the prices.

12-quart Fancy Decorated Chamber Pails for 23c each.

A Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper, made by the Bissell Sweeper Company, and warranted, for \$3.

14-ounce Cotton Mops, 14c.

A 50-pound Flour Bin for 69c.

Heavy Tin Wash Basin, 7c.

Next to nothing prices on fall bulbs:

Easter Lilies, two for 5c. Snowdrops, 10c a dozen. Narcissus, 10c a dozen. Daffodils, 10c a dozen.

Other varieties at equally low prices. Combination White and Black dressed doll for 29c, well worth 50c.

Thin-boned Tumblers, 60c a dozen. Any initial engraved free of charge by our own artist.

Covered Glass Butter Dishes, 5c each. Acme Air-tight Butter Jars, only 35c each.

4-piece Sugar and Cream Set for 15c. Gold Band Decorated Bread and Butter Plates, 10c.

Cold Band Crimp Edge Ivory-finished Pink Plates for 25c.

Carlsbad China Tea Plates for 13c.

It is entirely concealed by an anron overshirt or one longer and slightly draped on the hips.

Black lace collarettes are trimmed with narrow jet pendant fringe. Immense ruffles in black and white lace, gauze, and net are used as neckties, and prettiest of all is the dress of York jacket, made of black and ecru Irish guipure lace, to be worn with any dressy day or evening toilet. Tulle gowns are a new textile, plaid, and checked, that appears prominently among ruffles, boas and collarettes.

Ermine is used as yokes, collars and sleeves caps to costly black cloaks and fur or dark velvet brocade lined with white satin. Cream white corded silk capes are lined with rose-colored broad satin, and trimmed with fluffy white fur. These capes are lovely additions to an evening toilet for a ball, reception or opera, and if the fabrics are purchased and made by a competent dressmaker the cost is trifling compared with the price of the same worn brought outright.

For the tall women this winter are the fur-bordered Russian gowns, which appear in two styles, one with a belted Russian blouse, fur-trimmed, fur-trimmed, fur-trimmed, a style with which we are familiar, but which is, nevertheless, a decided favorite. The second is the Romanoff style, and one model in this fashion is made opening over and revealing a shaggy texture. The sleeves open for a little way at the wrist, showing a glimpse of the vivid bright enamel that gleam like precious stones.

Her One Objection.

Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Rappard—Didn't you have a girl to take care of your dear little Flo? Mrs. Lingerly—Oh, yes. But I couldn't get her to stay.

Mrs. Rappard—What was the matter? Mrs. Lingerly—She didn't like it because we kept a baby.

A Point on Arithmetic.

"Jephtha," asked Mrs. Jones, who was busy with pencil and paper, "can you tell me how many feet there are in an acre?" "No," said Jones savagely, "but I can tell you how many acres there are in a feet."

Why the Country Suffers.

The business depression seems to be engaged in a contest of physical endurance with the Senate.